The Art Of Ego Taming
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The Art Of Ego Taming

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Opera gets hit with a riding crop, spanked, and then gets a reacharound handjob as a reward

Notes

More opera because I have a problematic addiction and I need help please intervene I can't keep doing this it's ruining my life and preventing me from writing other fics oughhhhh

Anyways yeah hes still a stupid twink and I still hate him and want to beat him to death and put his body in a trash bag in an unmarked shallow grave somewhere in rural Arizona

Thanks to GrimSylvia for beta reading and absolutely obliterating my mental health by correcting me on everything and making me recognize I suck at writing. I feel embarrassed and humiliated and im crying and sobbing right now I hope you're happy…

Check them out tho their stuff is pretty cool

Disc server

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The door of your office had barely clicked shut before the room was filled with that unmistakable, booming cadence.

"Haaah ha ha ha! Tremble, fair world, for the sun has set only to rise again in absolute, undisputed glory!"

T.M. Opera O stood in the center of your workspace, casting a shadow that completely eclipsed the midday light filtering through the blinds. Fresh off his latest victory on the turf, he was still clad in his full racing regalia. The crown sat proudly atop his light orange hair, his striped skirt swaying with every dramatic gesture, the golden pauldrons on his broad shoulders catching the ambient light of the room. He looked every bit the conqueror, chest puffed out, golden rings glittering as he swept a hand through the air.

You leaned back in your chair, crossing your arms and looking up—and up—at your towering runner. It was your job to keep this larger-than-life stallion grounded, a task that required the patience of a saint and the tactical mind of a movie director.

"Congratulations on the win, Opera," you said, keeping your voice deliberately flat, a stark contrast to his operatic fervor. "The final stretch was a masterclass, but you're tracking turf into the office."

"A trifling detail for the annals of history!" Opera proclaimed, placing a hand over his heart, his purple eyes flashing with beloved intensity. "The dirt of the track is but the dust of stars thrown up by the brilliant stride of none other! And yet, as the curtains fall on this glorious chapter, the victor must receive his due. A grand pact exists between the Overlord and his maestro. I have delivered a performance for the ages, and now... I await the tribute befitting my sacrifice."

You repressed a sigh, though a small, knowing smirk tugged at the corner of your lips. You knew exactly what kind of "tribute" he was angling for. Beneath all the grand talk of celestial radiance and absolute monarchy lay a remarkably specific, deeply submissive streak that only you were privy to. For all his dominance on the track and staggering height, Opera craved a very different kind of discipline behind closed doors.

"A tribute, huh?" You stood up from your desk, walking a slow circle around him. Even standing up, you had to tilt your head back to meet his gaze. "You'll have to be a bit more specific, Opera. I thought the roaring crowd and the shiny new trophy were tribute enough for the Centurial Overlord."

Opera's ears twitched, curling inward slightly as his posture stiffened. "Tut-tut, fair Trainer! You wound me with such pedestrian assumptions! The applause of the masses is merely the air I breathe. No, the true reward is the exclusive, behind-the-scenes... director's cut. A specialized training of the soul, if you will. A grand, striking demonstration of your authority to ensure the sun does not lose its orbit."

"A specialized training of the soul," you repeated, mocking a thoughtful tone as you paced back to your desk. "Wow. Sounds complicated. Maybe we should just stick to a nice, normal steak dinner. My treat."

"A-ah! That is—" Opera cut himself off, his cheeks instantly catching a faint, rosy tint that nearly belied his regal composure. He cleared his throat loudly, trying to recover his footing. "Ahem! A king does not feast on mere sustenance when his spirit demands... a sharper, more profound refinement! Surely the architect of my victories understands the delicate constitution of their star? A physical manifestation of your critique, delivered with... absolute, unyielding conviction."

"Still too vague," you teased, leaning against the edge of your desk, looking right at him. "Come on, Opera. If you want your reward, you have to ask for it clearly. No metaphors, English preferably."

Opera fidgeted, his tail swishing nervously behind him. The golden clips on his ears jingled as he looked down at you, suddenly looking far less like a conquering king and much more like a flustered theater student. "You... you play a cruel game, dear trainer. To force the sun to beg for its own eclipse..."

"Last chance," you said, reaching slowly into the top drawer of your desk. "Otherwise, I'm opening up my paperwork."

His eyes widened slightly as you gripped the handle, pulling out a sleek, heavy leather riding crop. The dark leather contrasted sharply with the bright, colorful room, and, as you lifted it, you let the tip tap rhythmically against your palm. Thwack. Thwack.

Opera's breath hitched. The grand, booming voice completely vanished, replaced by a soft, strained swallow. The blush on his face deepened, spreading rapidly across his cheeks to the entirety of his face.

But still he said nothing, leaving what came next entirely up to you.

"Lower your skirt," you commanded, your tone shifting from playful teasing to absolute, quiet authority. "And place your hands flat on the desk."

The sudden shift in your demeanor sent a visible shiver straight down his spine. For a second, Opera looked entirely paralyzed by the sheer thrill of it. He bit his lower lip, pupils dilating as he slowly, hesitantly reached down. With trembling fingers, he unbuckled the clasps holding his skirt up, letting the fabric of his racing skirt drop down around his thighs, exposing the vulnerable curve of his backside.

Slowly, deliberately, he leaned forward, bowing his immense height over your desk. His hands gripped the edge of the wood, knuckles turning white as he braced himself.

"Trainer... I..." Opera began, his voice breathless and ragged, a desperate attempt to weave one last poetic line to mask his intense nerves. "The majesty of this moment... it demands a prologue—"

SWISH—CRACK!

You didn't let him finish. With a sharp, practiced flick of your wrist, you brought the riding crop down flush across the center of his ass.

The sound of the impact echoed sharply in the room. Opera flinched violently, his whole body jerking upward as his back arched into a rigid, trembling curve. A loud, sharp gasp tore from his throat—a messy, unscripted sound that was half a pained whimper and half a deeply satisfied moan. His ears stood as tall as they could go, tail lashing out in a wild, involuntary reflex.

"I didn't give you permission to speak, Opera," you said coldly, stepping closer until you were standing right behind him, the riding crop resting lightly against the stinging red line already blooming on his skin. "Keep your hands flat on the desk and take your punishment. Understand?"

Opera’s chest heaved as he forced his hands to stay glued to the wood.

The stinging heat from the first strike radiated through him, making every nerve react violently, but Opera couldn't help himself. He shifted his weight slightly on his massive thighs, his tail twitching erratically as he tried to claw his way back to his comfort zone—the safety of his grand, untouchable persona.

"Ha... Ah," he gasped out, his voice shaking as he forced a strained,

breathless smile onto his flushed face. "A spectacular opening salvo, dear trainer... Truly, a stroke of genius to test the resolve of the Centurial Overlord. But a king does not bow so easily to—"

SWISH—CRACK!

The riding crop cut through the air and struck the exact same spot with brutal precision. The sheer force of the impact sent a visible ripple through the dense, athletic muscle of his butt.

Opera's entire body shuddered violently. A loud, choked moan caught in his throat, causing him to bite down on his lower lip so hard it nearly bled to keep from crying out completely. His back arched like a pulled bow, spine rigid, ears pinning flat against his orange hair.

"What did I say about speaking?" you reminded him, your voice low, steady, and entirely unbothered by his grand titles.

"I—ah!" Opera panted, his hands frantically clawing at the smooth edge of your desk, golden rings clicking sharply against the wood. Even as his knees trembled under his own immense weight, his stubborn bratty streak flared up. He couldn't just stay quiet; he craved the friction of your authority. "Surely... a critic must allow his star to... to give feedback! You wouldn't stifle the voice of the sun itself, would you? It would be a crime against—"

CRACK!

"Ah-hyah!~"

Another strike silenced him instantly, cutting off his grand speech and reducing the Overlord to a pathetic, high-pitched squeak. He flinched forward, his forehead nearly touching the desk as his tail lashed wildly in the air.

You didn't give him time to recover his breath or his vocabulary. CRACK. Another hit landed on the left cheek. CRACK. Another across the right, building a deep, angry crimson grid across his skin.

With every consecutive blow, Opera's carefully constructed royal demeanor chipped away further, exposing the raw, desperate submissive underneath. He was a creature of immense physical power, built to conquer tracks and leave thousands of screaming fans in his wake, yet here he was, brought to his knees by a piece of leather and your quiet command.

He continuously tried to open his mouth, trying to utter some poetic defense or playful complaint, but each attempt was met with an immediate, merciless thwack. The office filled with a symphony of his undoing—pathetic whimpers, ragged gasps, and heavy, wet moans that he couldn't hold back anymore. His hands gripped the desk so hard the wood groaned under his grip, knuckles white, massive body trembling from the unrelenting stimulation.

As you continued to lay into him though, the sheer intensity of his arousal became impossible to ignore. The physical response to the pain and domination was total. Beneath the edge of his top, his breathing was frantic, and, between his thick thighs, his heavy erection had fully stiffened, jutting out visibly. The intense friction and rush of blood had him leaking heavily, thick drops of precum glistening and oozing from the tip, completely dampening the fabric of his underwear hanging between his legs.

He was completely undone. A shivering, leaking mess beneath your gaze.

"Please... ah... the feeling of your love... it burns..." Opera sobbed out, his voice entirely devoid of its usual resonance. He was on the absolute brink of tears, his eyes wide and glassy with moisture as the pain pushed him to his limits. Yet, that absurd, beautiful pride of his still flickered. He blinked back the tears, trying to look back at you over his shoulder with a tear-stained, flushed face, attempting a roguish, charming smatter of a smile. "You... you truly are captivated by me... aren't you, Trainer? To gaze upon my form... and strike it with such... such passion..."

"You still haven't learned to keep your mouth shut, have you, whore?" you murmured.

You step closer, the space between you and him completely evaporating. With a sudden, deliberate motion, you let the riding crop slip from your fingers. It hits the floor with a dull thud.

Before Opera can even process the sound, your hand shoots forward, burying your fingers firmly into the thick, light orange tufts of his hair. With an unyielding grip, you force his head down, shoving the side of his flushed face flat against the cool, polished surface of the desk.

"Ah—!" He lets out a startled, breathless gasp, as the sudden, raw physical control catches him completely off guard.

You don't give him a second to adapt. Lifting your dominant hand, you bring your open palm down with everything you have, striking him full force right across the side of his burning, crimson rear.

SMACK!

The flesh-on-flesh impact is deafeningly loud compared to the crop, a heavy, stinging blow that reverberates through his entire body. Opera lets out an immense, high-pitched yelp that dissolves into a raw, heavy moan, tail twisting violently in the air as his hips instinctively try to flinch away from the heat.

"I told you to keep quiet," you growl, tightening your grip on his hair and shoving his face down harder against the surface, forcing him to take the weight of your hand.

"Mmh—! P-please..." he whimpers, his grand persona no more.

SMACK!

Another heavy strike rains down on the other side. He tries desperately to follow your command, biting down forcefully on his own arm to muffle the sound, but the sheer, agonizing heat of the bare-hand spanking is too overwhelming. Pathetic stifled noises, ragged whimpers, and broken gasps leak out from his nose and throat with every consecutive blow. His massive hands claw frantically at the edges of the desk, his knuckles turning a stark white as he trembles from head to toe.

You pause for a moment, letting your hand rest flat against the radiating heat of his skin. Opera lets out a shaky, relieved breath, thinking the onslaught is over, but your fingers slowly sink into the dense muscle. You thoroughly grope and massage the bruised flesh, your fingers digging deep, kneading the soreness in a way that sends a confusing, agonizingly sharp wave of pleasure straight to his core.

Between his legs, his hardened erection throbbed heavily, the tip slick and dripping wet, completely soaked in precum from the intense feeling.

Leaning down close to his twitching ear, you whisper, "You're leaking all over yourself, Opera. But you aren't getting anywhere near a release until you learn how to Shut. The. Fuck. Up. If I hear one more moan out of you, we're starting all over."

His purple eyes widen, glassy and brimming with tears as the threat

sinks in. He nods frantically against the desk, his chest heaving as he desperately tries to lock his jaw.

SMACK!

You lay into him again, your palm delivering a relentless, heavy rhythm. SMACK. SMACK. The force of the blows shakes him, but Opera fights his own instincts with everything he has. He swallows his screams, his face turning a deep, dark crimson as he forces the heavy, desperate moans to stay trapped behind his clenched teeth, leaving nothing but muffled, vibrating grunts and the sound of your hand punishing his flesh.

He fights himself with every ounce of his trainer athletic discipline. His jaw is locked so tight his teeth grind together, eyes squeezed shut as thick tears finally spill over his eyelashes, tracing wet paths down flushed cheeks.

SMACK. SMACK.

With two final, heavy blows that leave his ass a radiating, solid sheet of crimson red, you finally stop.

Opera slumps forward completely. The fierce, untouchable Overlord of the racetrack is entirely spent, practically laying himself across your desk, massive chest heaving as he draws in shuddering, desperate gulps of air. Every inch of his body shakes from head to toe, tail hanging limp and twitching weakly, but he did it. Not a single loud whine or broken phrase escaped his lips during the final onslaught.

"Good boy, Opera," you murmur, your voice dropping its harsh edge, shifting into a low, praising purr. "Look at you. You actually managed to do what you were told."

The praise hits him harder than the spanking. A long, trembling shudder ripples down his spine, his ears twitching weakly at the sound of your approval.

You step around him, moving directly behind his bent-over form. Pressing yourself forward, you mold your body straight against his back. Even with him leaning completely over the workspace, the sheer size difference is striking; his broad shoulders and dense, athletic build dwarf you, but as you lean over him, anchoring your weight against his back, the positional dominance is clear out of the two of you.

"You endured all of that," you whisper right into his twitching,

sensitive ear, your breath hot against his fur. "Which means you've earned yourself your next reward."

Opera lets out a soft hitch in his throat as your hand reaches down, sliding past his stomach and between his thighs to firmly grip his fully hardened length. He is already completely soaked, the tip dripping heavily with precum, burning hot to the touch. The moment your palm closes around him, all of his hard-earned restraint vanishes in an instant.

"Ah—! Mmh-ah..." he whimpers, head rolling to the side as his hips give an involuntary, desperate twitch against your hand.

"Shh, it's okay to make noise now," you tell him smoothly. Your other hand reaches around his torso, your fingers sliding under the golden trim of his chestplate to firmly grasp and tease the sensitive muscle of his chest, pinning him securely against the desk.

You begin to jerk him off, your stroke slow, deliberate, and agonizingly heavy. Having been pushed to the absolute brink by the prolonged session and intense arousal, Opera is hyper-sensitive. Every slide of your palm makes his massive legs tremble, rings clicking frantically against the wood as his hands try to find purchase on the smooth surface.

You don't rush it. You know exactly how to handle him, intentionally varying the pace—firm, dragging strokes up the length of his shaft, followed by a sudden, teasing pause at the very top where your thumb circles the leaking head, smearing the slick fluid over the tip.

"T-Trainer... I… oh..." Opera gasps out, his voice a ragged, beautifully unscripted melody of overstimulation. Entirely characterized as a needy, shivering stallion completely at the mercy of your fingers. He fidgets beneath you, hips bucking weakly, silently begging for a faster rhythm as you continue to ruthlessly tease him toward the edge.

Shifting your grip, you lock your palm around the full length of his glistening shaft once again and begin delivering hard, unyielding strokes.

Opera completely loses his remaining grip on reality. The sheer physical overload of your hand, combined with the throbbing heat radiating from his bruised backside, pushes his stamina to its absolute psychological limit. His hips begin to roll and buck in a frantic, instinctual rhythm, effectively fucking your palm as he chases the looming edge. His head is thrown back against your shoulder, eyes

rolled open, tears streaming freely down his flushed cheeks while a thin trail of drool escapes his parted lips.

"A-Ah! Trainer... I'm—hnh, please!" he wails, his voice shattering into a needy, breathless mess of raw friction.

Your free hand slides higher up his chest, your fingers aggressively pinching and twisting his sensitive nipple, grounding him in the intense combination of pleasure and ache. Leaning down until your lips are as close as you can get them to his ear, you fill his head with a low, dirty stream of praise and commands.

"Look at you, Opera," you whisper darkly, your hand slick and wet with the excessive amount of precum coating his length. "Look how pathetic the Overlord looks right now. Acting like this just from a little teasing. Go on then Opera, do it. Cum."

"I'm—I'm… I—hhNhgaAH!"

He can't hold back for another second. With a choked, desperate scream, Opera’s frame locks up into a rigid, violent spasm.

A thick, heavy rope of semen erupts from the tip, shooting directly across the length of your desk. His hips convulse wildly, and you don't stop moving your hand for a fraction of a second. You keep the friction heavy and tight, aggressively milking his length through the entire release. Another massive wave hits the desk, followed by another, and another, until a massive, thick puddle coats your paperwork and the smooth surface of the wood. Opera’s tail lashes frantically before dropping dead, his body shivering out the last remaining drops.

When the final contraction passes, you slowly pull your wet, coated hand away from his cock.

Left to the devastating aftermath of his orgasm, Opera collapses forward. His arms are trembling so violently he can barely use them to prop his torso up off the desk, his chest heaving as he pants like a broken engine.

You look down at your hand, then back at his swollen, sensitive ass. Reaching out, you deliver one final, heavy open-handed swat right across the center of his burning cheeks.

Opera lets out one last, exhausted, high-pitched whimper, his hips twitching weakly from the unexpected sting.

"Good boy, Opera," you say quietly, wiping your messy hand on a towel from your desk drawer. "Go clean yourself up."

End Notes

Bazinga

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!